

THE GREYHO

VOL. A, SECTION B

LOYOLA COLLEGE'S STUDENT HELLHOLE

MARCH 32, 2000

WWW.LOYOLA.EDU/GREYHO

NEWS (WHAT WE WISH WAS HAPPENING AT LOYOLA):

Fresh stories two weeks late.

—page 4

WHINING, BITCHING AND MOANING:

Your complaints without the luxury of editing.

— page 4

MUSIC AND STUFF:

Do you like wearing pants?
Mike Cuomo doesn't.

— page 4

MEN PLAYING WITH BALLS:

Late-breaking story on the Loyola Football Team. See it here first!

-- back page

News Chunks: Life at Loyola

by Old Dirty Tramp
Staff Entertainer

A Loyola College student endured a severe caning last night in the quad, resulting in three broken ribs and a multitude of bruises to his body; not to mention the emotional trauma that will haunt him years after the wounds eventually heal.

Kennedy Weible, a sophomore at Loyola College and staff writer for the student newspaper, was walking home from an evening class when four men wearing hooded cloaks rose from the ground and circled him. After a few minutes of what Weible described as "monk-like chants," the men pulled wooden sticks out of the ground and attacked their outnumbered target. They continued to chant throughout the caning, which lasted for two hours.

Campus Police were unavailable for comment, but insiders say that the officers on duty were working with the Baltimore City Police to bust up off-campus parties. In addition, the two officers at the Loyola Police Station were training Chyna, the 21-month old Fila Brasileiro, how to open a beer can without using her front paws.

After Chyna mastered the trick, one officer noticed Weible's bloody body on his video screen, and quickly alerted one of the officers on duty, whose response was muffled by a jelly donut. Three hours later, Campus Police arrived at the crime scene and Weible was driven to Mercy Hospital in Baltimore City for treatment.

Although the motives behind the attack are still in question, Weible thinks that it was prompted by his last article in *The Greyha*, one that associated Loyola College with the communist party of Russia. Weible is currently recovering in his on-campus apartment, where Paul Ruppel has agreed to look after him each night. The four mysterious suspects are still at large.

Nicholas the Greyhound viciously attacked Father Frank Nash last night, who suffered cuts and bite marks to the head, ear, neck, face, chest, arms, legs, hands, and feet.

Nash, known for his excellent work in the advising office and as the caretaker of Nicholas, was sleeping when the attack took place. According to reports from the Health Center, Nicholas started the attack at 10 p.m. when he bit off a piece of Nash's right ear. He continued to fight with his dormant owner until 11:30 a.m. when he finished chewing up each of his toes. Oddly enough, Nash did not wake up from the incident until approximately 12 p.m. on the following day.

Although Nash was not available for comment, sources close to him claim that Nicholas' motive for the attack was cigarettes. He became addicted to nicotine a few weeks ago, when he ate a pack of Camel Lights that were left in the quad. Since that afternoon, Nicholas learned how to inhale, and has been going pack for pack with his master ever since.

Insiders explained that on the night of the event, Nash told Nicholas that he was out of cigarettes and retired to bed. Nicholas went around campus and bummed a few smokes from other students, but was not satisfied when he returned home.

Perhaps Fr. Nash should think about slapping a few dozen nicotine patches on his chain-smoking Greyhound.

A 50 percent increase in annual tuition will be charged to all upperclassmen students, starting in the fall of 2001. The extra funds will be used to plant exotic trees and flowers on the main campus area.

Starting in the fall, the main campus will be complemented by a number of imported palm trees, banana trees, fig trees, and rubber trees, etc. Flowers will consist of the usual -- roses, tulips,

camations, lilies, daffodils -- but with an added stress on beauty. According to grounds crew representatives, fresh flowers will be planted daily so that prospective students and their parents will be fooled into attending Loyola College.

Rising juniors and seniors will need to factor in the additional charges into their budgets for next year while rising sophomores are exempt from the increase. School officials believe there is a greater chance that sophomores would possibly transfer to another college, while juniors and seniors are likely to cooperate because of their social ties.

Dr. Dan McGuinness, associate professor in the Writing/Media Department, is organizing an anti-smoking club to teach local Baltimore children about the ill effects of smoking cigarettes, cigars and other nicotine products.

After an angelic figure visited McGuinness in a dream and instructed him to organize the club, he knew it was time to do something out of his duty to God's people. His anti-smoking club will meet twice a week, with the first meeting scheduled for April 1. McGuinness was not available for comment, but sources said that the meetings will last roughly two hours. Members will ask questions, act out peer pressure scenarios, and write anti-smoking poems that will be read aloud by the children. In addition, McGuinness will give each child a T-shirt with the club's slogan, "Smoking Isn't Cool, You God Damn Fool!"

compiled from absolutely no trustworthy sources

It's Writing *Versus* Media

by Winnie Bago
Writer with a staff infection

"Let's face it, it's been a long time coming," shouted Kevin Atticks from across Curley Field. "They're going down!"

Even ex-visiting journalist Harold Jackson came back to watch the spectacle that was what is now being called the Writing Versus Media Battle (but he could only stay the equivalent of his average class time: 22 minutes). Although it started out as a faculty meeting, chaos erupted when Andrew Ciofalo shouted, "That's it! It's Media. It's Writing. They aren't the same thing. We want to secede."

Many colleagues cheered him on amidst shouts of "You'll be sorry" and "Fine, just go then!" from members of the Writing portion of the department.

The argument got heated pretty fast, and soon everyone was tugging at Department Secretary Loretta Bartolomeo screaming, "She's our secretary!" and "No, she's ours! She's with us!"

Bartolomeo suffered only minor injuries.

Sadly, the same could not be said for others once the argument made it out onto Curley Field.

Though more faculty from Media dashed out, the Writing professors were not as apt to pummel each other. But many, including Department Chair Ron Tanner, led the charge.

"We're letting the small speak for the large!" shouted Tanner.

Mike Cuomo '00 was snacking at Boulder during the chaos and



We're not sure who this is or what he's doing.

photo courtesy of somebody

realized Karen Fish was not out on the field.

He called Fish to alert her to what was going on, and when she picked up the phone and realized it was Cuomo she shouted, "Don't you realize this phone is for emergencies? This isn't my daughter or my mother! You're tying up the line!"

Running to the field, Cuomo passed Dan McGuinness sitting on his favorite bench enjoying a cigar.

"Yes, they seem rather focused," McGuinness responded, unaffected.

The Media portion of the department made it out onto the field in record time. Once there, Diana Samet became alarmed.

"This is not balanced! Not even asymmetrically. There's too many of us, and not enough of them. Oh well, serves them right."

The battle is ongoing at Curley Field.

Hot Girl Gets Food Poisoning

by Ann Archy
Double submitted for a class

This past Saturday night in Primo's Cafeteria the Health Board of Greater Baltimore was called in to respond to a complaint of food poisoning.

Allegedly, a student came down with a violent case of food poisoning that included projectile vomiting and green diarrhea. The student was a really hot girl who lives on the sixth floor of Guilford Towers. She was rushed to Johns Hopkins Memorial Hospital to have her stomach pumped. Her room had to be fumigated because of the rancid smell of her bodily wastes.

The food poisoning investigated by the Health Board and found to be linked to anthrax spores found on the chicken in the Chicken Caesar Salads. Further investigations found that the anthrax was planted on the chicken by rats.

Students who have been concerned about the high prices on food at Primo's now have an answer to their question of where does the extra money go. Well, the Health Board found out that the Primo's management had been raising a colony of pet rats in the back storage room of Primo's.

Extraneous expenses were found on Primo's financial accounting statement for rodent cages and

those little upside down water bottles with the metal nipple that suspends a drop of water on the end for the little disease ridden rats to suck up. This room also happens to be the room where they stored the shredded chicken that they throw into the salad. More research concluded that the chicken was 73 percent ground squirrel meat, which among biology majors is known to be a perfect breeding ground for the spores of the deadly anthrax fungus.

The Federal Health Board has fined Primo's and the Marriott corporation, and told them that they can't keep the chicken near the rats anymore.



Loyola held its annual "Stud of the Year" contest. Meet the top contenders, page 4.

photo: someone who turned it in Sunday night

MARCH 32, 2000

NEWS NOT WORTHY OF THE FRONT PAGE

Weebles wobble but they won't fall down

by Heywood Jablowme
Staff Writer

There will be a series of events on campus this week to educate the public about a little-known and often misunderstood minority at Loyola, namely, the Weeble People.

There are very few Weebles at our school, but Minority Student Services reports that they often have an extremely difficult time adjusting to campus life. This is frequently due to some common misconceptions and prejudices regarding them.

In a recent survey of several American colleges, Harvard University students found that

Weebles are often stereotyped as being extremely sour and mean-spirited.

There is a popular myth that many are prone to fits of rage, have trouble controlling their anger, or are especially susceptible to Tourette's Syndrome.

Popular ethnic jokes often portray Weebles as evil, vicious, foul-mouthed people bent on damaging the reputations of all their acquaintances.

This week, the Office of Minority Student Services, in conjunction with the Office of Multicultural Affairs, will be sponsoring a series of events in the hope of dispelling this unpleasant stereotype.

The real Weeble People, they say, are kind and peace-loving. They are given to a sedentary lifestyle, often content to stand in the same place for hours, simply appreciating the beauty of the world around them. Sometimes they wobble, but they almost never fall down.

On Tuesday, March 28, at 5 p.m., there will be a lecture in Knott Hall 02 entitled "Weeble People: Rageaholics or Role Models?" On Wednesday, March 29, at 7 p.m., *Falling Down*, a popular movie by a Weeble director, will play in KH05.

Further events will be announced as the week progresses.

Prove this article wrong by reading it

Cut and posted from a Press Release for obvious reasons.

The National Committee of Apathetic Studies announced last week that Loyola College in Estonia is the most apathetic college in the nation.

Their study researched the amount of time that the average college student spends in class and participating in extra-curricular activities.

Apparently, the average Loyola student spends -12 hours per week doing anything productive. However, numerous students commented that their most productive activity was frequenting various York Road es-

tablishments (we're not talking about the Senator or the Giant here, folks).

The administration initially doubted the validity of these findings, claiming that most Loyola students are involved in at least two activities outside of class.

However, that myth was quickly dispelled. They were forced to concede that the results of this study are indeed valid when the researchers informed them that sleeping and drinking are not considered to be extra-curricular activities.

Students could not be reached for comment because no one gives a s***.

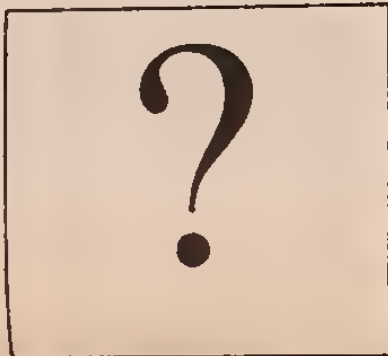
"How many a**holes we got on this paper?" -- *Spaceballs*



Jacqueline Durett
Editor-in-chief
"Follow the yellow brick road."



Jen Wylegala
Managing Editor
"Don't hate me because I'm beautiful."



Megan Mechak
News Editor
"A little dab will do."



Sara Klassen
Opinion Editor
"Yeehaw."



Maureen Traverse
Photography Editor
"Photographers like to do it in the dark."



Chris Hamilton
Features Editor
"Pimpin' ain't easy."



Brendan Maher
Features Editor
"Everyone wants Mr. Toad's Wild Ride."



Caryn Casano
Features Assistant Editor
NO QUOTE FOR YOU!



Jeff Zrebiec
Sports Editor
"Your role: know it (and don't be catty)."



Steve Vitolano
Sports Editor
"Your mouth: shut it (and don't be catty)."



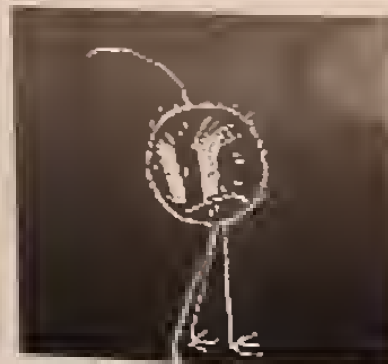
Scott Emrich
On-Line Editor
"Bursting with fruit flavor!"



Tom Webbert
Business Manager
"Do you ever get that not-so-fresh feeling?"



Kevin Boyle
Business Manager
"By the power of Grayskull -- I AM HE-MAN!"



Mike Coffey
Copy Chief
"Shaken, not stirred."



Monica Leal
Contributing Editor
"Biopolitics rocks my world!"

STOP YOUR WHINING AND COMPLAINING!

THE
GREYHO
Editorials, comments, and nothing
very important ...

Irene Cara
Editor in Chief

Belinda Carlisle
Managing Editor

**Milli
Vanilli**
Business Managers

A Word About Canadians

I hate Canadians. Their accent, their bacon, their base-
ball teams. I hate them.

For those of you that don't know, Canadians live in a
country north of us: Canada. There they eat bacon and
wear red Mounties' uniforms.

There are several reasons why I hate Canadians. First,
they speak the Devil's language, French. Second, they're
a weird, ugly people. Third, Celine Dion is from Canada.

These are not arbitrary reasons. I've actually met some-
one from Canada once. While visiting Niagara Falls, I
asked the Canadian man where I could find a bathroom.
He muttered something to me in French, and then he
walked away.

Therefore, Canada is an evil, hostile country. United
States citizens should take up arms and defend themselves
against the Canadian threat, namely Sarah McLachlan. It
is abundantly clear that Canadians view themselves as a
"superior race." In fact, the Canadian prime minister,
Dudley Dooright, made a statement last year to kill Ameri-
cans on sight when they cross the border. Americans in
Canada are put in what are euphemistically known as
"death camps," where they are beaten with whips and reeds
while being forced to listen to Canadian pop stars.

Now, I realize that there are probably some Canadian
students or faculty at Loyola. I'm sure you are very good,
educated people that make our lives at Loyola a little
better. Nevertheless, you are representatives of Nazi
Canada and must be purged.

In conclusion, Canadians are bad, bad, bad. I will re-
peat, bad, bad, bad.

...And some words
not about Canadians...

The Gallagher boys and the Loyola College commu-
nity extend their congratulations to Dan Sullivan and
Amanda Cody for their recent wedding engagement. As
mutual friend Mike Cuomo remarked, "their engagement
is a sign to all us that eternal love is still possible in this
ever-changing world." Join us here at *The Greyho* and
wish these two kids a wonderful future.

Ask Ryan and Brian



photo: stolen (it's true!)

Dear Ryan and Brian: Will there be a spring concert this semester, and
if so, who will play? I love Dave Matthews Band and he's on tour and I
would love to see him. He's really talented. (not to mention sooooo Hot.)

Paul BiDonno '02

Dear Paul: Well, Paul, yes -- Dave Matthews is very talented and also
hot. We get a lot of articles here at *The Greyho* glorifying and bashing
Dave Matthews. You may not know this, but he lip-synchs his songs at
his concerts and there is a Jesuit rule against bands who lip-synch so he will never play here. He has offered
to play here many times and has given us reasonable offers -- so it is not a question of money. Jesuits just
don't like lip-synchers. This is because awhile back priests would lip-synch their sermons so that they could
incorporate dance routines up on the altar. This was found to be sacrilegious a few years ago, so they made
a law against lip-synching altogether.

But, to answer your question, we will have a spring concert. One of my sources from the SGA has informed
us that there will be a concert and bands are already confirmed and booked. The SGA have, after years of
letters and phone calls, finally booked the band Tool for the spring concert. Tool, for those who don't know,
is a band from the L.A. area with members who were formerly in a band with Tom Morello of Rage Against the
Machine. Tool, despite their demonic rituals, are Catholics and make a large donation to the Jesuit society
each year. Many Jesuits love them. Twisted Sister, a formerly death metal and devil worship band, who are
now a born-again Christian rock band, will open for Tool.

Dear Brian and Ryan: I heard a rumor that J. Crew will be having an outlet on campus for like a week or
something. That would be like so awesome.

Merin Petrick '02

Dear Merin: Well, Merin, that is true. During April 25th through 28th, the week after Easter Break, J. Crew will
have an outlet in McGuire Hall. You will be able to get all of your favorite J. Crew clothing at a discount price.
There will be all clearance and return items from their winter season, along with irregulars. They will have
men's and women's styles to choose from. I am actually exited myself, Merin, because I love J. Crew's stuff,
but it is usually very expensive, so now I can get it at a great price and I don't have to pay shipping. But watch
out for irregulars, be sure to inspect your clothing for holes and missing crotches in pants, and if you are
buying sweaters, look out for pulls.

By the way, J. Crew, while they are here will also be doing a model search for their next magazine. So, buy as
much J. Crew stuff as you can and maybe you could be in the next J. Crew quarterly.

Dear Brian and Ryan: I heard that there is a new Catholic law that it is okay to have pre-marital sex if you are
in college, especially if it is a Jesuit school.

Ebone Smith '00

Dear E-Bone: Yes, that is true. I called the Pope and he said that it is okay. He said, "Anything you do in
college is excused at St. Peter's gates." So, I guess all you guys who were waiting for marriage ... you were
wasting your time. Oh, and Ebone, I guess you are still in contention for being canonized.

THE
GREYHO

On-Line Edition:
www.loyola.edu/greyho

News

Huey Lewis

Editor

Copy Desk

Prince

Copy Chief

Opinion

Cyndi Lauper

Editor

Shiela E.

Vanity

Wendy

Lisa

Copy Editors

Features

Daryl Hall

John Oates

Editors

Debbie Gibson

Assistant Editor

On-Line Edition

Bryan Adams

Editor

Sports

DJ Jazzy Jeff

The Fresh Prince

Editors

Photography

Michael Penn

Editor

Contributing
Designer

Tiffany

The Greyho is sometimes published, but
not too often (usually whenever we feel like
doing some work) by unemployed '80s rock
stars. The writing, layout, photography
and format are the responsibility these poor
souls and normally make no sense what so
ever. And if anyone in the College commu-
nity has a problem, we don't care. This is
our only source of employment until the
world realizes that we're good enough,
smart enough, and gosh darn it, people DO
love us! HAPPY APRIL FOOL'S DAY!

OPINIONS WE DON'T CARE ABOUT

Beating a Dead Horse

by ... pretty much everybody at Loyola

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
- wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah

wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
Wah wah wah wah -- wah
wah wah, wah wah wah
wah Wah wah Wah wah

wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah

Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah
wah Wah wah wah -- wah
wah wah, wah wah wah wah wah
wah Wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah? Wah wah wah
wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah wah
wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah Wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah -- wah

wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
- wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah wah Wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah -
wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah
Wah wah Wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah
wah wah -- wah wah wah, wah wah
wah wah wah Wah wah wah wah
wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

Letters To The Predator

Predator:
Where is Tom? He wrote so much better inane crap than any of you people. Just wanted to let you know.

Pete North
Class of '00
Fluffy Rover
Class of '02

Predator:
state how much more secure I feel on campus with this addition. Who wouldn't be terrified of a dog like Sushi? I know that the campus is now so much safer than ever before. Thanks once again to our great campus police!

Predator:
How dare you insult Eiffel-65 in your Features section? The blue song is VERY well written and has lots of great lyrics. He is so in love with blue that at one point he even says, "If I was green I would die." Try getting such quality lyrics from some of the other premier bands in the music world today. I mean, would Dave Matthews ever be able to come up with something like that? I don't think so. And let us not forget, the background music is stellar.

I am a dihard fan and have seen them in concert on MTV at least 16 times. I sincerely believe that your staff has overstepped its boundries and ignored the wealth of deep, meaningful lyrics "Blue" has to offer. I am looking forward to your response.

B.L.U.
Class of '02
Smart E. Pants
Class of '02

B.L.U.:
What the hell have you been smoking? No cookies for you.

Features Editor
Predator:
You are all going to hell for writing and publishing those horoscopes.

Helen Brimstone
Concerned Parent

I want to commend Campus Police for adding the new chihuahua "Sushi" to their ranks. Not only is the two-pound multi-cultural K-9 officer a dominant force to be dealt with by unwanted visitors to the Evergreen campus, but he's so darn cute, too!

First and foremost I want to

that? I have better things to do, like playing Gran Turismo or watching the scrambled channel on cable.

Like, how come Loyola -- a supposedly "Jesuit" institution, which is supposed to help people and all - can't hire a fleet of cabbies to drive us around? By my figures, taking this measure would decrease student drunk driving by 45 percent. So in light of all this hard data, why does the administration remain silent about this issue?

It's like, we all have to look hard inside ourselves and ask, "Am I the

only sane one in an insane society? Do other people hear these voices which plague me?"

At least that's my opinion. I'm going to stop writing now, because I'm going out with my friends to this really cool bar I keep hearing about, called Craig's, where I'm told we'll be served overpriced alcoholic beverages and stand shoulder-to-shoulder like cattle with about a thousand underage minors deranging themselves with beer. Sounds like it should be fun. Peace out till next week.

The Whole Staff

supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

What does it mean?
We don't know either.

My nominates tried to persuade me to not write this, because they say I only write "vague and aimless prose," whatever that means. But I will not be de-persuaded. I will write. My voice must be heard. I have something important to say. Really

It all started a few months ago now, when I first came into the new Sellinger building and went into my classroom -- where my class was -- and sat down in the new, sucky chairs there. What I mean to say is that they were very uncomfortable. I know this because I got a cramp in my back.

And that's when I began to think, "Hey -- we have to put up with a lot of stupid s*** at this school." Like paying for tuition. Who wants to spend money on school? Plus, we're not allowed to have candles. How many of you out there have found that not being able to have candles has seriously hindered your ability to conduct seances and spiritualist meetings? I know I have

Another thing that's really been

bothering me is all the cute girls here. I went to an all-boys Catholic school before this, and although we were beaten daily, at least there I didn't have to put up with all these tank tops and skin-tight black pants. It's hard enough for me to concentrate in class with those infernal fluorescent lights blaring in my eyes and buzzing in my ears, but everywhere I look I see pert breasts, tanned, tight legs, long flowing hair ... I don't know what my point is anymore but it's frustrating and forces me to lose my concentration.

Plus the fact that even though my parents pay a lot of money for me to go here, things don't always go my way. Like last semester I got an awful registration time. My friends tried to console me, by telling me that "everybody gets screwed" -- but I will not stand for this kind of injustice! I will not join the cult of apathy, or whatever

How come we can't drink in classes? I think it would make them more fun and social. I think we would learn better if there was a full bar in

every classroom. With all the thousands of dollars my parents spend for me to go here, I think I am entitled to that. Don't you?

My point is that something has to be done about all this. Someone needs to stand up and say, "I will not be put down by the Man anymore." And then the rest of us will follow. Of course I don't know anything about politics. I don't really like politics, because it's boring. But if politics meant free liquor, I'd be all in favor of it.

This brings me right around to something else I've been meaning to bring up -- and it's of grave importance. We have access to a lot of food items here at Loyola, sure. But there are some things we can't get. Like the new Sour Cream "Sensation" Doritos. These new Doritos are far superior to the widely-available Nacho Cheese Flavor, yet we are prevented access to them. Why? Is this a simple oversight or part of a vast conspiracy? Sure, we could go off-campus for esoteric Frito-Lay products, but who needs

The Campus Questionnaire:

Why should you be Loyola's Stud of the Year?



"Because I've got what ladies want."

Tony Mikuiski '00



"Because I have all my shots"

Evan Smith '00



"Because I'm down with urinating in public"

Mike Cuomo '00



"Because I'm a sexy bitch."



"Because I understand women in a way they never will."

MORE AND MORE STUFF

NO PANTS

By:
Mike
Cuomo



photo by I.P. Freely

Since the beginning of time, women have associated men with various animals and creatures such as pigs, dogs, weasels, and snakes.

These negative associations are linked to the fact that most men will say or do anything that a woman wants in order to get her into bed. However, there are a few exceptions to this generalization, men who are trustworthy, honest, and sincere, while there are evil women who use and deceive these trusting men. Emilio Christian Savone is one of the few good men left in the world, but he is tired of being used by women who break his heart time after time, leaving him feeling dirty and worthless, like a piece of used dental floss.

A native of Milford, Connecticut, Emilio was a wonderful child -- close to his parents, loved sports, sang in the choir, enjoyed cooking and painting -- an all-around great kid. Raised by two loving Italian parents, Emilio learned to appreciate Renaissance Art and fine wines by the early age of ten. Aside from being a three-time spelling bee champion, Emilio's greatest childhood honor was being inducted into the Connecticut Bas-

ketball Hall of Fame as the best 8th-grade basketball player in the state.

He attended Fairfield Prep for his high school studies, where he excelled on the basketball court as a guard and in the classroom with his insightful mind. Emilio chose to attend Loyola College for his higher learning knowledge, beginning his stay in the fall of 1996.

Four years later, now a senior and a possible graduate, Emilio looks back on his college days at Loyola with mixed emotions. He formed a multitude of lasting friendships and he admits that he will miss this place when he eventually graduates. However, he will not miss the women of Loyola, who used his sincerity and trustworthiness to their advantage in order to exploit him at their leisure, courting him one night, only to completely ignore him the next.

Emilio realizes that it's too late for him, but he wants to speak out to other college men who might be able to see the light, before one-track-minded women leave them in the gutter feeling lost and absolutely worthless.

Cuomo: Have you enjoyed your stay at Loyola College?

Emilio: Yes, I think Loyola has been a perfect fit for me. The academics, the people, the Jesuit tradition -- I've had a wonderful

days, and they get what they want. As I already mentioned, I'm not a big drinker and my friends urge the girls to continue harassing me. But I suppose it's my fault in the end, because I trust what the girls tell me, and I think to myself that I have to go home with them and hook up, because that's the only way I can get them to like me. I figure that if I keep giving them what they want, eventually they will see the goodness in me and want me as their boyfriend.

Cuomo: Why do you think women find you so appealing?

Emilio: I listen to them; I care about their feelings. I'm willing to be their best friend. Do you remember in the movie *American Pie*, when Oz leaves his championship lacrosse game to sing in the choir with his girlfriend, who is upset without him? Where do you think they got that from?

Cuomo: You sound like a great guy, so why don't these girls call you back?

Emilio: Women can't respect a good man -- they don't know how to treat a good man. I've heard all of the lame excuses, "Oh Emilio, I forgot your extension," or "I didn't see you at that party." They're all the same, man, getting together to talk about their conquests of the weekend -- I'm just another notch in their bed. But me, I go home and sit in my basement, write in my journal and think to myself, "this could really be the one."

Cuomo: How do you feel when she doesn't call you and she ignores you at the party, because she would rather talk to a lacrosse stud like Tim Goettelmann?

Emilio: Used. Cheap. Manipulated.

Cuomo: Which girl hurt you the most?

Emilio: Well, one night I was in a bar talking to a girl that I'd been dating for a few weeks. We had kissed, but that's all I would let her do. But this night I felt very close to her. I thought we were connecting. I was freshman -- she was a senior. We talked about her working in Baltimore after graduation.

Cuomo: So you really liked this girl?

Emilio: Mike, I was falling in love with her. But when we got home from the bar, everything went wrong. She invited me to stay over at her place in Gallagher, but I was a little uneasy about it. She said that I was special, that she felt like we might be together forever. I felt so warm inside -- I just wanted her to hold me all night.

Cuomo: Really? Then what happened?

Emilio: Well, it's hard to talk about; it's very emotional, you see. She -- she wanted to have sex with me, and when I asked if we could just cuddle, but she told me no. She said that if I didn't want to have sex, then I was bet-

ter off staying in my dorm with the rest of the freshman losers. I had to walk home in the rain; I could have been abducted or killed! Since then, I've tried to be more cautious, but each time something eventually goes wrong, whether it's a girl telling me how special I am, only for me to see her hooking up with one of my roommates in the corner of Gator's, or a girl telling me that she loves me whenever she's drunk, but won't admit it when she's sober.

Cuomo: So why not fight back?

Emilio: Why, so I can get the reputation of a slut? I'm not the kind of guy who would go and hook up with a girl's friends just to get back at her. Who do you think I am?

Cuomo: Well if you think about it, what's so bad about being passed around by hot women for four years? Isn't that the fantasy of most college men?

Emilio: Do you really think all college guys are really like that? I certainly don't. Aren't you tired of being propositioned by aggressive girls in smoke-filled bars every weekend? Aren't you tired of trusting women only to get hurt and feel ashamed the next morning?

Cuomo: Well, the interview doesn't really pertain to me.

Emilio: Yeah, well it pertains to me and I don't appreciate these questions.

(An emotionally distraught Emilio storms out of the interview room. Eventually I convince him

Aren't you tired of being propositioned by aggressive girls in smoke-filled bars every weekend? Aren't you tired of trusting women only to get hurt and feel ashamed the next morning?

ketball Hall of Fame as the best 8th-grade basketball player in the state.

He attended Fairfield Prep for his high school studies, where he excelled on the basketball court as a guard and in the classroom with his insightful mind. Emilio chose to attend Loyola College for his higher learning knowledge, beginning his stay in the fall of 1996.

Four years later, now a senior and a possible graduate, Emilio looks back on his college days at Loyola with mixed emotions. He formed a multitude of lasting friendships and he admits that he will miss this place when he eventually graduates. However, he will not miss the women of Loyola, who used his sincerity and trustworthiness to their advantage in order to exploit him at their leisure, courting him one night, only to completely ignore him the next.

Emilio realizes that it's too late for him, but he wants to speak out to other college men who might be able to see the light, before one-track-minded women leave them in the gutter feeling lost and absolutely worthless.

Cuomo: Have you enjoyed your stay at Loyola College?

Emilio: Yes, I think Loyola has been a perfect fit for me. The academics, the people, the Jesuit tradition -- I've had a wonderful

BRAND NEW STUDY ABROAD PROGRAMS ANNOUNCED FOR 2000-2001 ACADEMIC YEAR

SPEND A SEMESTER OR YEAR IN:

CANCUN, MEXICO

Classes include:

How to Win a Whipped Cream Bikini Contest 101

Drink, Party, Pass Out on Beach, Drink, Party, Pass Out on Beach Seminar

Advanced Bartending Seminar (especially geared toward Loyola students)

Contact:
Loyola College in Cozumel
4501 Passed Out Lane
Cancun, Mexico

BLIPSANIA VILLAGE, BANGLADESH

Classes include:

Dirt Makes Tasty Treats 101

Modern Study of Sally Struthers -- Lecture

Guerillas: Friend or Foe? (This course taught in English, not the blip language of the Bangladesh people)

Contact:
Loyola College in Omerbanlik
4501 Dirt Trail
Middle Of Nowhere Province, Bangladesh

life.

Cuomo: Really? What is it?

Emilio: Michael, upon graduating from Loyola College, I have decided to follow in the footsteps of St. Ignatius and become a member of the Jesuits.

Cuomo: A priest?

Emilio: Yes, I've suffered enough at the hands of these devilish creatures, and I will not allow myself to be victimized again.

Cuomo: Let this be a lesson to all college men around the world. Thank you, Emilio -- or should I say, Father Emilio.

Emilio: God bless you, Michael. God bless you all.

JAY LENO TO SPEAK AT CAREER DAY IN COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING EVENT

Jay Leno will be on Loyola's campus to participate in the Career Day in Communication and Marketing program sponsored by the Career Development and Placement Center. The Career Day is planned for Thursday, March 30 from noon -- 2:30 p.m. in McGuire Hall. Leno will be just one of the 25-30 professionals who will be available to network with the students participating in this event.

MORE STUFF NO ONE CARES ABOUT

Special speaker gives special talk

by I.C. Moraweid
Staff Writer

Fenton Barcliff delivered an inspiring speech to a packed McManus Theater last Tuesday on what will soon become his annual presentation on the Quantifiable Influences of Pedagogical Forms in America.

"It was all very, very inspiring" gushed senior Education Major, Shirley Patemdown, "He just spoke so sincerely, so from the heart." She then added, "but the from head too, you know?"

Barcliff, whose year-long tour will reach no less than 155 college campuses, and who has a number of his own videos (as well as a VCR), may quite possibly have touched more lives at Loyola College in one night than the entire season of Student Republican Programming events, and that's saying a lot. But his speech resounded and sunk wholly into the hearts of all that attended.

Dr. Ruland Hitsmore, of the department for Quantifiable Influences of Just About Anything (QulJAA), was moved to reply, "His words, but even more so his demeanor, just felt really right. He let me know that the students really care about what I'm teaching them, but he also made me feel special too."

Barcliff, after four months of solid touring in the North Atlantic states, didn't seem the slightest bit tired as he addressed the Loyola student and faculty body. His

whole reason for doing it: "Because I love you guys. Really, I do. I love you all. You are so much cooler than those Harvard dorks, and your teachers are the best."

His speech, which was actually more of a multimedia presentation, came complete with balloons, sketch comedy, circus freaks, cigarette-smoking monkeys (in tuxedos), and a very special, one-armed interpretive dancer, Amanda Barcliff, Fenton's wife of 21-and-a-half years.

The couple looked lovely together as he talked about, and she danced about, modern research techniques linking teaching, when performed in a "totally cool" atmosphere, to better grades, higher satisfaction levels, better adjustment into the workplace, and in some instances, what Barcliff liked to call, "a bunch of plum ditty hootenannies."

Teachers, even those present at the lecture, were told that they would benefit greatly from a closer look at the results. They were called upon to see, and they saw. Dr. Gota Beisemor, head of Loyola's Sanskrit Department, was taken with the concise picture of the problems facing American College campuses painted by Barcliff. Barcliff's words inspired her to stand up in the middle of the assembly and shout, "My God. Why didn't I see it that way before?"

The key points of the address helped put into ferociously vivid focus some of the most pressing problems faced by students and

teachers in America as they near the end of the 20th century. Like, for instance, the things going on around them, the distractions of city life, the senseless activism, the interest in practically anything that didn't have to do with Loyola or the surrounding York Road Area, what Barcliff called, "that darn idiot box." While his words on the evils of Television were perhaps the harshest, he did make one concession, which, to most, was the most touching.

"That wrestling stuff ain't all bad, and boy is that Steve Austin a character," the former grad of Pongo University in West Virginia admitted.

The 30-year old Barcliff made up for his lack of style, grace and teeth with a poignant and innovative sermon. But also with a keen connection to the hustling and bustling of college life that can only be described as *kismet*.

Unfortunately, unforgivably, I was unable to catch the second part of his presentation, which he lovingly called, "The second part of this here thing." So, this is all I can tell, although, I did run into the awe-inspiring gentleman later on in the evening. He asked me to come back to his trailer for a couple of beers and some bingers. For legal reasons, let's just say that I declined. It does make me wonder, however, why can't the school have more speakers like this one, who shock, amaze and connect with us in this real, honest way? Isn't that what college is all about?

Entertainment News Bites:

Don't blame the rain, blame SGA

by Ronald Reagan
Staff-type person who writes and stuff

Bbbb, Bbbb, Baby. Don't forget Milli Vanilli. Even if you want to blame it on the SGA Council, the reunited Milli Vanilli will perform on Curley Field for a Spring Fling.

While last seen in *Behind the Music*, Rob Pilatus and Fab Morvan are beginning the promotional tour for their newest comeback album *Back and in Attack*. Pilatus, though still dead now for over two years, is reported to be excited about the event.

Actor Dick Clark decomposed Thursday, during a taping of his game-show flop *Winning Lines*. Despite the setback, he is still slated to host this year's *Rockin' Eve*.

An obviously confused man was seen in the Lava Lounge insisting to party "like it's 1999."

In Chennai, India, three companies have announced plans to produce a film which will star two dead Indian film stars, brought back to life via com-

puterized special effects. Universal Studios was quick to jump on the bandwagon, announcing they will make a feature using dead stars Jimmy Stewart, Kevin Costner and Chevy Chase.

The Divinyl's "I Touch Myself" has been named the official song of Loyola College.

Hootie and the Blowfish have finally conceded defeat: every member of the band changed his name to either "Hootie" and/or "Blowfish." They could not be reached for comment in the van in which they now reside.

Citing creative difficulties, the letter "G" has pulled sponsorship of the controversial hit *Sesame Street*.

God, in response to all the Oscar winners who thanked Him during Sunday's telecast, replied, "You owe me one."

Eight *Greyhounds* staff members were beaten by an angry mob Friday afternoon due to long-winded self-indulgent columns and lame entertainment news.

Theater for kids who play in traffic

by Bernadette Peters
Paid-off reviewer

This past weekend a wonderful, stupendous, fabulous, spectacular production opened. You might ask -- what group has that much talent to pull off such a show? This awe-inspiring show was performed by none other than The Gang that Plays on Charles Street. First, they presented the quite serious adaptation of Dante's *Disco Inferno*, by none other than Disco Dante himself. This was followed by the comedy, *Can't Get the Door Open*, written by philosopher J.P. Satyr.

The show opens with Disco Dante lamenting the fact that he got lost and can't get to Studio 54. He sees some neon lights, but three sassy creatures block the road -- Spot, Leo, and the Were-wolf of London. Disco Dante is convinced he will never reach that YMCA in the sky, when he makes out the figure of Obi-Wan Virgil. Virgil says that those monsters will never stop doing their boogie until Super-Greyhound comes to return tasteful music to the popular culture. A particularly memorable line is when Obi-Wan Virgil, referring to their upcoming passage through the *Disco Inferno*, says, "Disco Dante... it is your destiny."

They meet a pair of hip lovers, recently seen on the "Jerry Dead-Ringer Show," broadcasted throughout *Disco Inferno*. The

woman in this scene gives a beating to the males on stage, makes her lover cry, and seates Disco Dante so much that he faints. The next scene was the closest to real life because it was so believable. They meet a tree that tells her sad story of suicide, while she puts on moves that would make John Travolta look like a beginner. Then, there is quite a disturbance in *Disco Inferno* when the rock band, KISS makes an appearance. Going for shock value, one of them even takes a bite out of a human head.

The performance was great! One of the highlights of the show is how Dante continuously shows off his legs. The only thing that might have been improved was the quality of crying done by the one lover.

Can't Get the Door Open was hilarious. It is the story of a man and two women stuck in a room. They try to get out, but the door is locked and they cannot open it. The gag is how the door flies open at various points in the performance, but the characters just don't seem to realize it. Each character really misses something from his or her life. Estelle the Belle just can't exist without that funky, huge mirror on the ceiling of her room. Ceckrado really wants that medal of courage that was given to the Cowardly Lion in *The Wizard of Oz*. Ee Nez isn't sure what she wants, but she loves the color yellow, especially on a woman's head. The Valet in the

story certainly has the most intense and demanding role in the show, followed only by the slithery Atrocious Bronze, without whom there would be no story.

The story is packed with action, such as spitting, stabbing, and making love. During the climax, Ceckrado has a nervous break down when he can't get rid of the image of ferocious midgets coming after him. But all ends well, as the three realize that they really do have a lot in common and can spend eternity entertaining each other. Ee Nez breaks out into song every now and then. Ceckrado displays his talent of twitching his mouth. Estelle the Belle can't get enough of dancing to Ricky Martin songs. It is rumored that Satyr is posthumously writing a sequel play entitled, *Estelle the Belle in Hell*.

When asked what the most challenging part of the production by The Gang that Plays on Charles Street was, the stage manager replied, "Things were a little tense for awhile, trying to keep all the actors from getting hit by cars. But the cast really pulled together until they were very visible."

I strongly recommend going to see this production. Get reservations early because this weekend had nearly all shows were sold out. The director pointed out that next weekend, "we may have to squeeze an 11th seat in that theatre." Call 410-532-5518 for reservations.

Mustaches: fun or deadly?

by Eddie Van Halen
Guitar player

A recent study conducted by a group of smart Johns Hopkins scientists arrived at startling conclusions: girls once again love a furry upper lip. Surveys and other various scientific questionnaires were administered to a random sample of unbiased Dundalk, MD female residents. The ages of the women questioned varied from 14 to 52. Out of 500 anonymous surveys filled out and completed by the residents, there was an overwhelming percentage who give a big thumbs up to a thick bushy nose bib. One anonymous participant, Laverne Gusterson, 19, wrote for one of the scientific questions, "I can't get enuff of my boyfernds moostache. It's a party color."

The survey percentages were grouped according to the ages of the participants. The youths surveyed, 14-20, gave a 100% approval rating of the mustache. They wrote that although the boys in their classes can't grow thick one's, they still are a "complete turn-on." Another anonymous participant, Jolene Farmington, 15, wrote, "Vinnie Zimino in my social studies class has a real light blonde moostache that's hard to see from across the class. But I seen him groom it in his pocket mirror. He just built a new engine for his red Camaro. Now it's really fast."

The adults surveyed, 21-45, were

only 98% keen on the idea of bringing back the bristly lip bush... but we all know how last-millennium adults are. The female elders of the Dundalk sample, 46-52, gave an anticipated endorsement to the underrated facial hairstyle brought forth from the early to mid '80s. They love a "beer drinkin', rifle totin', mustache sportin' hubbie." One 52-year-old girl wrote, "I loves it when my mustached husband, Bruce, kisses my belly-button. The bristly hairs tickles my white belly."

In conclusion, mustaches are hot. From this unbiased sample, we learn that girls across the land love to see feathery hairs protruding from the region above the upper lip and below the nostrils. Preferably thick ones, according to the questionnaires, although it has also been stated that Vinnie Zimino's light blonde mustache of Jolene Farmington's social studies class is acceptable. The smart scientists believe that this just isn't another passing trend like the hula-hoop.

The Johns Hopkins smart scientists would once again like to thank the random sample of 500 anonymous Dundalk females for their time and opinions. In hope, this study will aid the male population in their pursuit for a fine-lookin' woman to take home to Mama.

So, men of the Loyola community, put away those razors and grow a thick bushy 'stache.

LONG LIVETHEMUSTACHE!!!

WRECKED SPORTS

****Intramural Sports****



Men's Club Toilet Paper Rolling Team Playoff Results:



The Men's Club Toilet Paper Rolling Team practices their moves in hopes of winning the MAAC Championship. Keep it rollin', boys.

photo by Eileen Dover

Women's Club Hook-Up Team News:

Winter 2000 Record: 6-0-1

Team History: The team was founded four years ago and just completed its most successful season to date. This season was the first in which seasoned and experienced pimps were hired to assist the team. During the winter 2000 season, the team had twelve members, all but one of which are experienced upperclassmen, and finished as one of the top women's teams in Region 69. Collectively this team has worked hard, earning a berth in the NHU Sport Club Championships -- National Hook-Up Open Division. They competed February 11-12 at various York Road and Fell's Point establishments, advancing from pool tables to dancing on bar stools to competing for skimpiest halter or tube top. Congratulations to the following team members & coaches:

TEAM MEMBERS:

Booty Pants

Gimmie Some Luvin'

Ivanna Hookup

Britney Aguilera

Yummy Candie

Debbie Does Gator's

Pamala Lee

COACHES:

Big Daddy

Little Joe

Chester Field

Co-Ed Naked Volleyball Playoff Notes:

The Co-Ed Naked Volleyball League playoffs have gotten off to a bouncing start. This spring promises to show much action in the sand pits behind Gardens D. The top-ranked team, Bouncin' Round the Pit, looks to claim their third Co-Ed title. However, the big underdog in this playoff, Big Daddy Mac's team, Fast Moves, looks to make some hard smashes.



Final Cricket Results

Undefeated & top seeded Snobby Snobs celebrated their latest victory with a champagne toast on their yacht, docked in the Inner Harbor. The Snobby Snobs will be traveling to Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale, Princeton, and Middlebury on an Ivy League Tour.

Fitness & Aquatic Center Update

Don't even expect for this Center to be open by the fall. You'll only be kidding yourself.

****Club Sports****

Men's Beer Pong Team News:

On Friday, March 17, the Beer Hounds took on Johns Hopkins at a York Road hole in the wall. The mood before the game was edgy at best. The Hounds were taking on a tough competitor less than 24 hours after their win over the College of Notre Dame, and they were taking on a team that they had yet to defeat in the history of the club. Hopkins was able to score the first shot of the game within the first four minutes of play.

Coaches Miller Cuervo and Captain Jack accompanied the rest of the team in shouting support from the bar stools to try and get the team moving. The support worked, and senior Amstel Busch was able to answer back with 3:48 left in the round off of an assist from Foster Coors and Guinness the "G Dog."

The same shot came through again with a Busch power-play after six minutes of play in the second round to give the Beer Hounds the lead. Three minutes later, sophomore K. Killian scored an unassisted shot, the first shot of his collegiate beer pong career (umm ... he was shooting into a cup of soda ... soda! ... that's right). The Beer Hounds' scoring action was not finished yet. Senior Colt Molson scored off of a pass from M. Moosehead for the third Hounds power play shot of the round. The final Loyola shot of the game came from an unassisted shot compliments of Junior Yueng Ling. Hopkins was able to sneak one more past the Beer Hounds, but the Hounds won out with a final score of 5-2, making this game one for the record books as their first victory over Hopkins.

Coming off of this emotion-packed victory, the Beer Hounds will be resting for several days. Their next match-up is against College of Notre Dame. When Coach Cuervo was asked how he felt about the up-coming match, Cuervo stated, "We're going to kick those sissies' butts. Those girls had better watch out!"

by Natty Lite

CALLING ALL LOYOLA MEN!
DO YOU ENJOY WEARING TIGHTS,
LEARNING FLEXIBLE DANCE MOVES,
AND
IMITATING MOVES OF THE LOYOLA
DANCE COMPANY?

THEN JOIN THE MEN'S CLUB BALLET
TEAM!
SPRING COMPETITIONS START SOON!
MORE INFORMATION TO COME IN NEXT
WEEK'S WRECKED SPORTS PAGE.

Bar Never presents:

WATER PONG

and

Evian Flip Bottle March 32, 2000

8:30 p.m. in the Garden Garage

And after the water pong ...

WATER FUNNELING

WATER BODY SHOTS

COOLER STAND

AQUAFINA CASE RACES

"Pound so much water that you'll be in the bathroom all night standing or sitting on the porcelain god."

THE GREYHO

MARCH 32, 2000

PEOPLE PLAYING WITH BALLS

LOYOLA COLLEGE IN CUNCUN

Athletes of the Year: Football players Gyftopoulos and Davis *These two hot guys aren't only hot, but hot for football! Ssszzz!!!!*

by Jacques Strap
Athletic Supporter

Four-time All-American Loyola College football legends Steve "the Greek" Gyftopoulos and Ryan "Dave" Davis are this year's co-athletes of the year, recognizing them as top athletes, strong leaders, and two men with an intense desire to win big games.

Gyftopoulos topped all other defensive ends in the nation in the sacks category for the fourth consecutive year with 27.5, while Davis earned the highest quarterback rating in the nation with 165.3, also for the fourth consecutive year. In addition, both players were major contributors to Loyola's 55-10 rout over Florida State at this year's Sugar Bowl in New Orleans. Loyola's fourth consecutive national championship.

Gyftopoulos, a Baltimore native, started playing football at a young age and realized quickly that he had what it took to be a star. "I was always tougher than the other kids ... when they would break bones and cry about it, I would simply laugh at them and spit in their eyes," asserts Gyftopoulos. "Nobody messed with me -- nobody!"

His father, owner of a downtown restaurant, remembers his wild son. "Steve was always angry about something ... we tried to calm him down with food, but

nothing worked so we just let him do his thing. We're so proud that he found an avenue for his madness," says Mr. Gyftopoulos. "We were so afraid that he'd end up in jail."

Davis, a New Jersey native, also excelled at football as a child, but he was much calmer than his teammate. "Quarterbacking came natural to me ... I always had the best arm out of everyone ... and I always got the best-looking girls," says Davis. "I think it's because I come from a long history of coal miners ... they shoveled coal and I throw touchdowns, baby."

However, Davis remembers being ridiculed by others because of his thin stature and his golden blond hair, hinting that he was originally supposed to be a girl,

However, Davis remembers being ridiculed by others because of his thin stature and his golden blond hair, hinting that he was originally supposed to be a girl, but somehow came out a boy instead.

but somehow came out a boy instead. Nonetheless, Davis promises that he is equipped with the sexual organs of the male gender and that he does not resemble hermaphrodites in any way.

Entering college, Gyftopoulos and Davis were the two biggest recruits in the nation with full scholarship offers from top programs including Penn State, Ohio State, Michigan State, Florida, Miami, Nebraska, Notre Dame, and Florida State. Asked why they chose Loyola, the two su-

perstars responded, "we came here for the chicks."

Both players made a significant impact in their first collegiate football game, as Gyftopoulos recorded nine sacks (injuring all three of Penn State's quarterbacks) and Davis threw for 458 yards and five touchdowns in a 52-3 blowout. Their performances made headlines around the country, as opposing coaches soon dreaded the thought of facing Loyola, mainly because of the outstanding performances each week by Gyftopoulos and Davis.

When asked about some of their best Loyola football memories, they mentioned being four-time All-Americans, winning four consecutive national championships (all undefeated seasons),

beating Ohio State in the snow bowl, the bar room

brawl at Navy, the recruiting trip with the twins at Miami, Salata's 40-yard run with five guys hanging onto his torso, the victory parades on York Road, partying at 5401 Tantallion, Duffy's 80-yard run against Florida, and Mangus' love and support of Davis as the team's four-year backup quarterback.

In addition, both agreed that they will miss the other guys who made Loyola Football the #1 program in the nation including: running backs Ryan Boyle and Pat



You can ride their ponies anytime.

photo courtesy of Homey the Clown

Feeley, kicker Ken Clausman, long snapper Pat Duffy, wide receivers Bryan Schrubbe and Tony Mikulski, tight end Pete Salata, and defensive end Pat O'Day (otherwise known as the stud that freshman and sophomore girls would dream about in their sleep).

Aside from the players, the man that made everything happen was coach Wayne McGillicuddy (class of '73).

Even though many of the best players were suspended or lost indefinitely at times -- Duffy missed two seasons for shaving points, O'Day was banned from the league for overdoses of bee pollen found in his system, Mikulski slipped in the shower and missed his senior season, and Schrubbe left the team to play basketball in Brazil -- the team always stuck together, and, unlike other sports teams at Loyola College, "won the big games when we had to," according to the guys.

The Ravens in this year's NFL draft selected Gyftopoulos as the #4 pick, while Davis was chosen by the Browns as the #1 pick. Davis admits that he will miss his teammates and his best friend "the Greek," while he will particularly miss his girlfriend, Jackie Owens (head cheerleader).

Once the fair lady of Gyftopoulos, Owens admits that dating both guys was the best decision of her life so far, and that she will miss them deeply. "This has been the best eight years of my life, and I wish them the best in the future," she comments, weeping onto her varsity letter.

The team's future is a bit uncertain, but Gyftopoulos and Davis are counting on two fifth-year seniors, Brian North and Rob Aszkler to step into their shoes and lead the hounds to another championship.

In closing, Gyftopoulos and Davis expressed their gratification for everyone who supported them over the years, saying, "we'd like to thank the program and everyone who has made it possible for us to be successful and win big games ... and we'd also like to thank God the Father; without him, none of this could have been possible."

Hoop It Up, BABY!



"I filled an empty spot on the basketball team. But I keep getting mistaken for the ball."

-- Pudgy Elfman

Rugby team sobers up, offers works of charity to Loyola

by Michelle Cherry Tree
Staff Cheerleader

The Loyola College Men's Rugby team will host a series of mock-tail parties, following each of their remaining home games. The beverages will include a wide variety of flavored

the team is ready to take on a new identity. Instead of being known as wild party-going buffoons, the team captains are demanding that their players exhibit respect, discipline, and compassion for others.

The majority of the team was unavailable for comment, be-

cause they were busy entertaining residents at a local retirement home. However, Ryan Boyle (A-Side selector of the backs) was able to take some time away from his needlework and talk about the

Next fall, the team plans to co-sponsor an ice-cream social with the Resident Affairs Council, and is working diligently to bring in a guest speaker to talk about the horrors of college drinking.

BLAH

sparkling water, Sunny Delight, skim milk, and soda pop. While the majority of the food will favor the vegetarian-side in most of the players on the team.

After being suspended last semester for alcohol charges,

cause they were busy entertaining residents at a local retirement home.

However, Ryan Boyle (A-Side selector of the backs) was able to take some time away from his needlework and talk about the